Mother Machree.

There's a spot in my heart which no colleen may own,
There's a depth in my soul never sounded or known;
There's a place in my mem'ry, my life, that you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will.

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled with care.
I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

Ev'ry sorrow or care in the dear days gone by,
Was made bright by the light of the smile in your eye;
Like a candle that's set in a window at night
Your fond love has cheered me, and guided me right.

Rida Johnson Young.

Mother Machree.

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.

Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& ERNEST R. BALL.

Allegretto, ma espressivo.

There's a spot in my heart which no col - leen may own, There's a
Ev - 'ry sor - row or care in the dear days gone by, Was made

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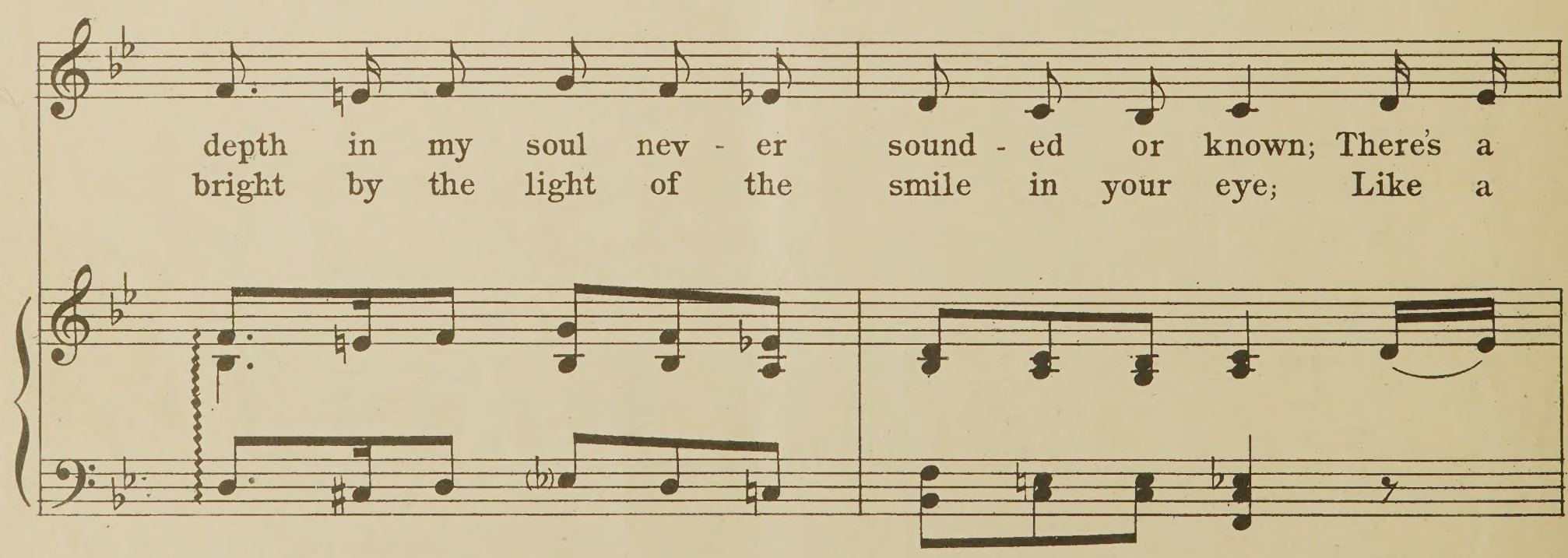

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place in my mem - 'ry, my life, that you fill, No
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molto rall.

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molto rall.

Tenderly with much expression

Sure, I love the dear sil - ver that shines in your hair, And the

mp espress.

brow that's all fur - rowed, And wrin - kled with care. I

kiss the dear fin - gers, so toil - worn for me, Oh, God

dim.

mp

mf

dim.

bless you and keep you, Moth - er Ma - chree!

p *ritard.*

pp

p molto sost. e ritard.

pp

Ped. ✻